

The



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VOLUME 24⁵⁴

Newberg, Oregon, January 11, 1943,

NO. 7

Bruin Jr. Rules Revised By Student Council

A meeting of the student council was held to change some regulations as to Bruin Jr. January 6.

The regulations now stand:

1. Bruin must come on the campus between 8 and 10 in the morning and leave anytime between 12 and 4 in the afternoon, every other Friday.

2. He must be seen by 2 or more members or 1 or more of the other classes.

3. He cannot arrive on or leave the campus by car or motorcycle. Neither can he be moved about while on the campus by car or motorcycle.

4. The class acquiring Bruin may leave immediately upon possession of him.

5. The campus shall not include the College Canyon—the division being the east side of the track.

6. In case of a breach of these regulations Bruin will be forfeited to the next lowest class—in case of the freshmen violating the rules he will revert to the senior class.

7. The student council will enforce these rules.

8. If there is fighting instigated by one or more members of other classes, the class in possession of Bruin will at the time of the fight take him immediately to safety.

9. While in the building he may not be taken by force, but if found hidden, he may be kidnapped."

Numbers 2, 3 and 8 have been changed.

Student Poll

Would you plan to take these courses if they were offered? (At any time during your four years).

Journalism yes---- no----
Dramatics, yes---- No----

Play production yes-- no--
Athletic coaching yes-- no--

Do you plan to take any of the new reconstruction courses? ----

If so, which? -----

Class Skating Party Reverberations of Junior

Famous Quotations:

OK Brash, you can't take it with you. The side of the wall, I mean.

And have you skated with Fern yet? It seems that Art now belongs to the stone age!

Marion and Eleanor have been doing all right for the first time on skates. I bet they feel like the heroes of today.

There were many other comments very interesting but too numerous to mention, except, "Too bad there aren't more kids here. Everyone is having such a swell time. This hot chocolate and these sandwiches really hit the spot. We will have to hand it to the Juniors. There

Mrs. Miller To Speak

Mrs. Veva Miller, who taught physical education here last year, has been asked to talk in chapel in the near future.

Employment opportunities for college trained young people will be the subject for her discussion. Mrs. Miller is now employed at the Employment Agency in Portland.

Vacation

Hello again, all you lucky people! Have you recovered from the vacation? Got right back in the groove didn't you. Or maybe we should say, behind the eight ball, as always.

We thought you might like to know how some of the august members of the student body and faculty spent the vacation, and how they got back, through the flood and all.

Vacation occupations ranged, in the faculty, from Mr. Carey, who maintains that he worked all day, every day on his place, to Prof. Lewis's more logical feeling that he needed sleep and relaxation. Anyone in (or near) his Am. Lit. class can understand why he feels thusly. Mr. Allen took upon himself the duties and privileges of a home maker and housewife. His wife was ill, and he became (and we quote) the chief cook and bottle washer.

Student occupations included Heinie Seidel working all thru the week and Lloyd Fish who says he didn't do nawthin'.

Charlotte Macy spent her vacation at home in Greenleaf. She (continued on page four)

Civil Service Announces Women Engineer Need

There is a great demand in the Government for civilian junior engineers. Women with college degrees in any field may now apply for junior engineer positions in the federal Civil Service by taking a short tuition-free course, it was announced by the U. S. Civil Service commission recently.

Arrangements have been made for any institution offering college engineering training to give the course, provided that a sufficient number of persons enroll. It may be given as a 10-week, full time day course or as a 27-week evening course covering 320 hours of lecture, recitation and problem work in such subjects as generally lead to the engineering degree.

Persons who successfully complete the course and who are otherwise qualified are eligible for junior engineer positions paying an entrance salary of \$2,000 a year in Washington, and throughout the country.

College graduates who have not yet turned their efforts to war tasks are urged to secure complete information about the course from the nearest institution that offers college engineering training.

Springbrook Revival Conducted By Willcuts

During the week of Christmas vacation, Dec. 27 to Jan. 3, the Springbrook Friends church held special meetings with Jack L. Willcuts as evangelist. Visiting Christian Endeavor societies as well as the Springbrook society, provided special music for the services.

Biography

Chosen to bash in the limelight this week is another senior; and when we say he is somewhat of an unknown quantity—we are probably understating the truth of the matter.

James V. Webb is very bashful and very deep character and well he should be as he hails from the swelling Pacific, down where the ships go sailing by.

His pre-grammar days are forever veiled, we fear, in the secret depths of time. Perhaps it is best that way.

At the tender age of six our hero commenced his education; he strove early to make his dent in society and got a hole knocked in his head the first day when the boy down the road knocked his front teeth out.

It seems that he reached the climax of his grade school days early however, as apparently near nothing in the next eight years anywhere near compares to the

was given him. He leaned heavily towards dramatics and in this field achieved no little success.

This year's senior class will remember Jimmy as the fellow who vowed to go through college without one date—he's weakened long ago, however. As a freshman he achieved a reputation as a teller of tall tales, as a good Joe—and to this day he can out-talk any two fellows in school.

Biggest concern in Jimmy's life is the army—which has been flirting with him for almost a year now. He aims to get into ordnance work once he gets into the big show, which will be about the first of next semester.

When he gets out of the army, Jim for one isn't going to be a school teacher, but he wants to be a South American salesman of some kind. Right now his biggest ambition is to get away into the hills for a good long vacation.

Meanwhile he continues to

OSC Women's Dean Discusses Problems Of Marriage, Home

Ordinary activities were suspended Thursday afternoon while the student body and faculty gathered to hear Mrs. Buena Maris, M. S., Dean of Women at Oregon State College, continuing the talk she began in chapel on courtship, marriage and family living.

She kept alive continual interest by her humor and unique way of presenting her material. She contrasted the Chinese parents' methods of choosing a wife for their son with the American method of choosing a wife. The Chinese parents choose according to the girl's accomplishments, ability and background, but the American boy chooses during a time of "temporary insanity." It it well for him to do some thinking beforehand.

People's lives are divided into three periods: the family period, the independent period during college and the few years following and then another family period. The family education during the first period determines what students bring to college with them in their attitudes about food, religion, politics, etc.; their problem solving technique, e. g. whether they will retreat, go over, go under, or simply stand and set up an "ostentatious lamentation."

Mrs. Maris elaborated on Wm. Thomas's four wishes—the wish for security, for love, for adventure and recognition. A child wants security till he is about eight; then he longs for adventure till he is thirty and needs security again. He has recognition till he is eight, then very little till some one falls in love with him; after marriage he loses it again. Love follows certain stages. Young children love themselves, then their parents (a little) from four to eight boys or girls, ages eight to twelve the same sex and during the ages 12 to 20 the interest is shifted to the opposite sex. In parenthood love really becomes unselfish and either broadens to include a helpful interest in the community and the world or reverts back to love of self as in old age.

The essence of democracy is the freedom to form one's own opinion and express it. If that right is recognized, it is easy to discuss differences intelligently and not just agree or argue. Recognizing the right of the other person to disagree takes out the bitterness and leaves one simply feeling sorry for the unfortunate background of the other.

"Bringing up young people is like raising cabbage" said Mrs.

The Crescent

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Dare We Resolve?

Because of the confidence that is given by the Friends churches of the Northwest, and elsewhere; because of the trust which is held by churches of other denominations, here or in other places; because of the eager hope cherished by the homes represented in the student body of Pacific college; and because of my own desire to serve Christ more and more successfully to meet increasing demands, I hereby prayerfully resolve to avail myself of the opportunities given by, and to give my own services unstintingly to, the work of the following organizations and projects:

My Church
Chapel Programs
Christian Associations
Deputation
Spring Revival
School socials and programs

and any opportunities, personal or individual, which, also afford greater spiritual depth for me and for those around me in the year 1943.

signed,

EVERY MEMBER OF THE FACULTY AND
STUDENT BODY OF PACIFIC COLLEGE

Missing Something?

"Much have I traveled in the realms of gold," said John Keats, who, aside from his journey to Italy where he went to die, was hardly out of England. Truly, though, with an imagination rich with the books of all ages, he did travel far. And we pause in the welter of lectures and quizzes and multitudinous appointments to congratulate ourselves on the accessibility of libraries, and at least a moderate amount of leisure in which to read. Was there ever a time when it was so necessary to escape from dread realities into the realms of romance, science and adventure? Yes we have at hand this means of escape, but most of us confess that we do not read widely and make this or that excuse.

Why not lay out for ourselves, not as duty or discipline, but as the special privilege of college students, a richer field of general reading? This might well include several magazines, the daily newspaper, a few choice books of fiction, something on the art of living, and a number of books dealing with inventions, exploration and adventure. Probably there should be a focal point of interest in our reading where we should want to read intensively.

Surely it is a privilege to lose one's self in a library. It is not so with people in general. While one's friends are selling groceries, or hauling wood, or otherwise making the wheels of industry turn laboriously he may, by opening a book, wander down the Nile Valley, or catch fish in Alaska, or fly over the Andes, or revel in a romance of the South Sea Islands. Have we been missing something?

R.W.L.

Haldy Teaching

Josephine Haldy, a P. C. graduate of last year, has received her

year graduates, going into teaching, placed in jobs.

Murphy Speaks At Chapel

William Murphy, tenor soloist and preacher from the community church at Bellevue, Wn., near Seattle spoke to the student body at chapel, Monday, Jan. 11.

Mr. Murphy has had experience as a preacher and as teacher of voice and piano, teaching for a time at Greenleaf Academy, Idaho. This week he is holding meetings at Ed Harmon's church in West Chehalis. The students were glad to have a share in his week's activities.

Send In Your Poems!

An anthology of poetry by the American college students will be published early in the spring, the editors of Harbinger House New York publishing firm, announced recently. Work on the compilation of the volume has already begun, and manuscripts are now being sought.

Verse by all students, whether graduate or under graduate, will be eligible for consideration. Any student may submit an unlimited number of poems, but no single poem should be more than 60 lines in length. Manuscripts should be typewritten or legibly handwritten, on one side of the paper only.

Manuscripts should be submitted prior to January 30, 1943. They should be addressed to Editors, College Poetry Anthology, Harbinger House, 381 Fourth Ave New York, N. Y., and must be accompanied by return postage. Students may submit verse at once, or write for a folder giving full information.

Ashwills Honored At Pound Shower, Tuesday

The junior class very pleasantly surprised Betty and Melvin Ashwill with a pound shower at their new home on Villa road, Tuesday night, January 5.

The evening was spent in conversation and music after which many useful gifts were presented to the young couple.

SSS News

The "SSS" (that new club on the PC campus) held its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mary Frances Nordyke. After the business meeting, the girls enjoyed a waffle supper and discussed plans for the next meeting.

Ruth Tamplin Dies

The funeral of Ruth Tamplin was held on Thursday afternoon, January 7, at the Lents Friends church. Ruth was 19 years old, and had been an invalid for the past two years. Quite a few students of Pacific college knew her as she had visited friends here a number of times. The floral offerings were all very beautiful and her body now rests in the Riverview Mausoleum.

Did You Know That?

Phil Spitalny, director of the nation's foremost all girl orchestra, claims to have rediscovered a few feminine traits completely overlooked by the psychologists. The noted musician, however, declares he knew little about women until he started to comb the nation for talent to form his present organization.

"I have learned that women are not only better musicians than men, but they do everything more

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THE NETS ALL BUT CAUGHT FIRE!

THE MAST OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S SHANROCK IX IS NOW USED AS A FLAGPOLE ON THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY HEIGHTS CAMPUS

DR. WALTER C. JONES OF THE BIRMINGHAM-SOUTHERN FACULTY IS A MEMBER OF NINE GREEK-LETTER FRATERNITIES!

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Weekly Ration

One person who doesn't like this ration business is Leo. He can only get 4 gals, a week now. Yep she's really going to go steady now Burl. "He" went back "Way Beyond the Hills of Idaho."

Did you know that he who laughs last, has found a dirty meaning?

Lloyd: "Would you object if I kissed you?"

Wilma: (no answer)

Lloyd: "Would you care if I kissed you?"

Wilma: (no answer)

Lloyd: "Say, are you deaf?"

Wilma: "No, are you dumb?"

By the way, where has the triple S club vanished to? What's the matter, can't you compete with the B's?

Mumps have certainly been making a lot of difference to certain people of late—namely Doris M., Florence H., Doris Jones, Barbara M, Corkey, Prof. Allen and Florence S. Just wait maybe the above mentioned will add a little size to their cheeks, in a few days now.

Hayes: "I passed your house yesterday."

Magee: "Thanks awfully."

Hear the theme song of the boys' dorm now? Its, "When the Lights Go On again, All over The Dorm."

MARX, ATTENTION PLEASE: In answer to your Saturday morning question of how to get rid of a stiff neck, why don't you try the other shoulder next time. Did you get your feet wet on that last trip to the river, Brash? It has been overflowing this week or did you notice?

My bonnie lies under the auto, My bonnie lies under the car, Someone hurry and send far a garage man, Its lonesome up here where I are.

NOTE TO EDITOR: (Please do not cut!) We hear that a certain Mr. Arthur Roberts took the advice of Mrs. Maris and followed the leadings of his heart, which took him to the jewelrv store.

ter him.

Doris: "You kissed and told, But that's all right: The guy you told Called up last night."

We are inclined to defend Leo in the assertion that he did not see Bruin Jr. when flashed by the Jr. class some time ago. We know, that when he is with Miss Miller, that he has eyes only for her.

Groom: "Why do you call your wife Pegasus?"

Second groom: "Because Pegasus was an immortal horse, and my wife is an eternal nag."

"A little bear sleeps in his bear skin All cozy and warm I suppose. I tried sleeping in my little bare skin And, gee, I almost froze."

Here are some cold facts: Manning, Mich, Graveyard, Midnight. (Alibi?) Fed rabbits watermelon. You draw your own conclusions, when I do, it doesn't get passed the Censor. (Sounds good anyway, doesn't it!)

Kiss Interval.

Harriet Smith, "After that close shave I know you are a barber at Vancouver barracks.

Heard at the skating party on Friday night, "What's your name?" "I don't know, but I am beautiful."

The girls' dorm has been having a wild time of late, because of several vstors who have been coming to tease the girls in the wee hours of the morning—No, not more mere men, its mice.

OK kids. So long once more, and remember, A girl in your arms is worth two in the Dorm!

Dunnagan—we hear that you should best keep an eye on that woman of yours.

Ramble On

Have you ever heard what are called "Variety Hour" programs over the radio? It doesn't really matter whether you have or not; All I wanted to say is that this column today is going to be somewhat like that, a few funny

constitute a mealy sort of humor) Yes and there will probably be a whole lot of crazy stuff that doesn't mean anything at all and only serves to fill up a gap in this yellow sheet, and then there may be a thing or two that would serve to rebuke, chasten, encourage, et al, some one in need. Perhaps that last item needs clarification. For instance, I might mention the people to whom this little column is dedicated—these well-meaning souls who have made this possible (or should I say necessary) by the marvelous ability to cut news stories and assignments down to a bare minimum in size; indeed some can even shrink them down to the invisibility point. But don't take offense, because if you do, then I will feel like my own toes are being tramped on too, for I too, am one to whom this column could possibly be dedicated. And I am in too good a mood to feel unhappy about anything or anybody.

And speaking of rats, it reminds me of Jimmy Webb, Jim explained his method of catching rats to me the other day. It is known to all, I suppose, that Jimmy gets one buck for every rat that he kills. The tally up to date is four I believe. First of all says Jimmy, you must have a rat, a trap, a bait and a handkerchief. You must also possess sufficient discernment to find out some of the habits of the rat in question—you should know something of the sleeping, walking, eating, eating, eating, running habits of the rat and whether his girl friend goes along on his nocturnal raids on Hulda's store-room. I might pause here to remark that this process seems too involved; it would be much simpler to post Evangeline and Chester down near the store room. By doing that the rat would either starve to death waiting for them to go, or if he did come out the poor rat would be so weak that it would be easy for Chester to kill him with a piece of toast for the next day's breakfast. It just occurs to me that the supply of puffed wheat might be very splendid bait for rats, except that Webb informs me that the rats simply would not touch the stuff. In fact it is reported that one of the rats which Jim caught was still feebly breathing, looking so pityingly up at Jim that the heart of the great FBI—OR magnate was stirred mightily. As the rat feebly gasped Jim ran and brought a dish of puffed wheat, the only thing he could see available in the kitchen and with tears streaming down his cheeks and coursing through his beard, he shoved the dish under the rat's nose. What did the poor rat do? He sorrowfully said, "ewwekskb bobwktwifb fabzsunbv tuuouifsbfw" which means, "Why torture me more;" and then the poor rat rolled over on his back and died, but not before he dug into the pocket of his jeans and given Jim a quarter to buy himself a side order of eggs.

And speaking of eggs—it does not strike a receptive cord that I can notice, in fact it doesn't hit anything at all—must be hard-boiled like Harold Nelson's Gold Peggy a while back. However striking reminds me of Clyde Hadlock for some reason, possibly because that word could be used quite often in talking about the way he plays ping-pong. If you haven't seen Clyde and Mahlon playing together in a game of doubles you have missed your laugh for the day. I am seriously

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NCC Wins Over Quakers At Eugene

Pacific Quakers went down gallantly before a Northwest Christian college onslaught which ended in a 37-19 score. His game was played Friday at the NCC gym in Eugene.

The Quaker ranks were seriously depleted, with only six available men to play in the game.

Despite the loss of the game the fellows report a swell time.

Antrim was high point man for the locals with 8 points; while Humphries set the pace for NCC with 17 tallies.

E. Shattuck To Lead Prayer Meeting Tuesday

At the last student Prayer meeting the leader, Leo Crisman, read Matt. 25:31-46 and commented on the need of doing even small acts of helpfulness in the name of Christ and for His glory rather than our own.

Student Prayer Meeting has been very well attended this year. Once extra chairs were needed. Of still greater importance is the spirit of prayer and concern that prevails.

The next meeting will be led by Evangeline Shattuck, Jan. 12 at 7:15.

Ramble On

(continued from page one)
such a table tennis game. Great game! ping-pong.

And something just reminded me that it is too nice a day to be sitting at a rattly old typewriter banging out a wad of stuff that no one who is in his right mind would read. Therefore I hasten perforce to ramble on in an environment of a different nature than this, in hopes that I may prove that further pastures take longer to get to—that is, unless they are closer. So be it.
R. O.

Biography

(continued from page one)
leans heavily to brunettes, vows he is still a gentleman. He simply adores dimples and likes up-swept hair dos on most girls. His favorite perfume is spice—his favorite complexion is feminine, or so he says.

Around school his favorite subject is Family and his favorite teacher is Prof. Macy—an opinion lots of us share.

"Spider" is a fussy dresser—his favorite color is blue, he likes loud socks, but the only good necktie is no necktie.

His taste in art runs to music and movies. His favorite song is "Put-Put-Put" (the natural influence of the sea, of course). His favorite show was "My Sister Eileen"—quite natural conclusions.

This brings us about up to date, and while we admit circumstances and other things too, make it impossible to divulge all we know about Mr. Webb, nevertheless we hope his future is as eventful as his past—and we imagine it will be.

Pittle Paddle

Another of the adventures of the Red-Headed Skipper and the red canoe.

While starting on another cruise to view the ravages of the flood, there stood Jimmy Spirup and Betty Ann Craven hitch-hiking on the river bank.

brought only perspiration to the brow and the two passengers were soon landed at the submerged end of the bridge. The Skipper then set sail straight out the highway toward St. Paul, pausing now and then to paddle through a farmer's front yard.

Stopping at McVey's rock crusher the Skipper and crew explored all of the buildings by peering through the upper story windows. Paddling through another farm the skipper directed the thrilling rescue of a drowning sheep. Rough water which kept everyone pleasantly damp caused a detour through a hop yard. Every time a low wire was reached the Skipper would yell "duck" although not a shot was fired. A portage was now necessary and the crew loaded the skipper down with paddles, tarps, cushions etc., until even her red head was blotted out. The end of the portages was at a hop field and after more ducking the main channel was reached. The current was so fast that the crew had to back water furiously to negotiate the turns. A Coast Guard Amphibian came over to investigate. It probably couldn't figure out what a fire was doing in the middle of the flood. Oh, well, you figure it out.

The Skipper then set the course up Chehalem creek. No rocks, no rapids, no Hoover swimming hole, just water. The Skipper ordered reverse engine and headed for home. The landing was half way up the river. Very handy. Oh well, what's twenty miles remarked the Skipper, who never gets tired giving orders, as the crew threw her into the river. That was nice work on the part of the crew except that a new high water mark was set.

Vacations

(continued from page one)
found a new niece anxiously waiting her arrival.

Wilma spent her week off at sleep every night. (she says)

Orrin visited his grandfather at Rogue River. He thinks the big rains were the high spots in his week.

Kenneth Fowler and his family visited at his parent's home in Turner. Eleanor was there also.

Irene Lewis thinks that the most memorable part of her vacation was that she got home early in the evening, New Year's eve. At least that is the story, and she sticks to it.

Jim Webb spent the week on the coast and feels that it was not a success because he didn't see her.

Leo was at home at Camas, and blessed the paper mill with his presence. (It says here).

Don Brash went home to Toledo. His brother was there for a short visit also.

Wendell Deanne spent most of his vacation in residence at Hoover hall. He performed some obscure research in the conductivity of electricity and also in conduct of mump germs.

Wayne Antrim's vacation was one round of parties. He was at home in Nampa. We could say more, but he is too big.

Jim Spirup was so anxious to get back to Newberg, after his short vacation at home that he traveled sixty miles to get here from St. Paul.

Clyde spent two days at home in Seattle and then came back to drive the high school bus and work in the theatre.

I guess maybe we both think

Sport Gossip

The draft and the mumps are putting a serious dent in the prospects of sports right at the present time, but we hope that a time will come when we can be more optimistic. Sports as a whole will face a serious difficulty this year on account of the draft, transportation and shortage of athletes.

Now that the different bowl games are over in the country, climaxing a football season that will long be remembered, we turn our attention completely over to the court sport, basketball. Mumps have hindered the outlook for the Quaker quintet when Carrol Michener and Claude Lewis were stricken with this all too popular disease. The basketball club which travels to Eugene to play NCC will be only six strong because of these conditions.

Coach Jones should be praised for his work with the football and basketball teams at the college. He and other coaches who have had lots of headaches on account of the transportation and the draft are doing a remarkable job. Let's give them credit where credit is due.

The reason why basketball is not as popular as baseball and football is that it is played in an enclosed building, thus prohibiting as large a crowd as football or baseball which are played in stadiums or parks.

Dear Cousin Mouse

Dear Cousin Mouse,

Surprise! I'm still here to write—even after that merry chase the other morning when Florence Swanson took the broom after me and I had to take refuge in Joyce's room. (and I was enjoying Kate's box of candy so much too.

I haven't seen cousin Sue for two or three days. She disappeared Wednesday night about 10:30. She must have become entangled in some of that paraphernalia that was strung around the hall way that night. Actually I didn't know that these co-eds possessed so many pairs of shoes or so many towels until I began exploring those ropes made of them last night.

The news is rather scarce this week. I guess the girls are still recovering from their vacations.

Macy still seems to be ruling the moron roost. Anyway there were some juicy jokes seeping from her room the last time she and Mildred had one of their spells. The latest one is about the moron whose wife was so weak that he had to hold her up while she swept the floor.

Just for general information, could you tell me if a Wolf Meeting is a boy's version of a hen session? A couple of Oregon history student are stumped on this one.

Even after all the candy from Christmas, I haven't had much trouble dodging women-athletes in the hall at 10 and 11 p. m. this year.

My indigestion is bothering me again. The other day while I was rid in Joyce's room, I ventured out to find something to eat. The only thing that looked edible was a silver substance on

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